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TREASURY REPORT for the week of 24 September 1970:

<p><u>Attendance:</u> Paid by the meeting: 33                  Paid by the month: 9                  Paid by the year: 21                  New Member: 1                  Deadbeats: 3                  TOTAL: 67</p> <p><u>Main Treasury:</u> Old Balance: \$158.06                  Income: Dues: \$16.50                  Back dues: \$ 1.34                  Membership fees: \$ 6.00                  TOTAL: \$23.84</p> <p>Expenses: Dues and back dues to BF: \$17.84                  Oct. contrib. to BF: \$15.00                  TOTAL: \$32.84</p> <p><u>NEW BALANCE:</u> \$149.06</p>	<p><u>Building Fund:</u> Old Balance: \$11,511.06                  Income:                  Donations:                  Fred Patten: 2.00                  Dave Fox: 1.00                  Bill Warren: 1.00                  Sale of membership pins: .50                  Sales and fines: .55                  Dues and back dues: 17.84                  Oct. contrib. from Treas: 15.00                  Bank interest, July-Sept: 16.39                  TOTAL INCOME: \$54.28</p> <p>New Balance: \$11,565.34</p> <p><u>NEW MEMBERS:</u>                  Douglas Abe                  Kees van Toorn</p>
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GNURRERY STORY - by Edgit Tayles Part 5

The fan dashed to the nearest telephone and began calling stationery stores. All of them were, of course, closed. The operator refused to give out the home phone numbers for any of the store managers. In desperation, the fan ran three blocks to a twenty-four-hour grocery store. There he bought a cookie sheet and several boxes of gelatin, which he brought back to the NFFF Hospitality room. Borrowing some hot water from the tea-making set-up, he made up a crude hektograph, which he exhorted: "Hekto, Hekto, smear Neo; Neo won't crud Zine, Zine won't pan Pro, Pro won't pinch Femme, Femme won't jump into bed, and I shall not get laid tonight!"

"I won't," said the Hekto.

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NOTES FOR AN OPUS: VII

MAKE-OUT SONG (Recitative)

Ted Leigh: Can you dig Us -- ain't it groovy?

Karen: I dig it, muchly.  
 Wow, you're far out, baby -- fantastic.

Ted Leigh: You're far out -- fantastic.

Karen: Let's make it now -- we'll come down far too soon!

Ted Leigh: Sure, doll, that's cool -- whatever you want...

Both: Although there's no chance it'll last for long,  
 No way it can get permanent here;  
 Though you may just want to join the ten-score throng,  
 And you're social-climbing, I fear --  
 The hell with it, take what we can get today,  
 Tomorrow can do what it will --  
 We've one short life-time that we must not waste  
 Or let stupid hassles kill!

D I R E C T C U R R E N T S

TOM DIGBY: Your memory is reasonably correct. The Gnurrserly Story isn't cyclical, however. The original had a cow that wouldn't drink water which wouldn't put out fire, which wouldn't burn stick, which wouldn't beat dog, which wouldn't bite pig, which wouldn't jump over the stile.

DAN GOODMAN: I doubt if the Treasury Report for D307 will be anything special. And if it were, I doubt anyone would notice.

JEFF COCHRAN: SHAGGYS I can get for you -- and at only slightly outrageous prices, too. Various other goodies available, too -- not to mention whole boxes of already-highgraded zines being sold for about \$3 to \$5 a box. Tower-cleaning time. There is a difference between wanting someone to be rescued who was in your clutches and wanting someone to be rescued who is in your clutches... .

M.B. TEPPER: You left off the mustache -- and the cap -- but otherwise the likeness seems accurate. I'm fairly sure the control panel is in the right place.

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NOTE OF APPRECIATION: To the Golds, for a very enjoyable, extremely low-key con.

NOTE OF DEPRECIATION: To the characters who don't pay for the drinks they take at the after-meetings. (It doesn't cost me, anything, since only the available money is used to buy refills, but it's a nuisance.)

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THE HEICONOCLAST - Part 5

After dinner, we dropped Olive back at her parents', and Arthur drove me to Ella's. It was a most instructive and enjoyable day; I learned all sorts of things about London and its place-names. (Being something of a smart-ass, I knew a few of the derivations already. "Marylebone," though pronounced "Marley-bone," is fairly obvious from its spelling -- a corruption of "Mary le bon." And "Elephant and Castle" -- a district of London which took its name from a pub of the same name -- was one I'd read of quite some time ago, somewhat disappointing Arthur, since it's his favorite place-name to explain to people. It's a corruption from the days when there was an attempt to unite Spain and England through marriage of royal families: "L'Infanta de Castile." But Arthur got back his own with places like "Tooting Bec" and "Wimbledon Common. And I mispronounced Streatham. (It's "Stret'em".) The Arthur Thomson London Tour is highly recommended. (Even if he did have to give up on where "Charring Cross" and "Vauxhall" came from.)

The weather on Monday morning was as typical for London as one could possibly get from a standard mystery magazine: rainy and dismal. So I dragged out Georgette Heyer's Duplicate Death, one of several books I'd picked up while shopping with Ella in a nearby shopping center a few days previous. Her mysteries aren't as good as her Regency romances, but... . By the time I finished it, the rain had stopped, so, a little after noon, I caught the Underground into town.

The target for the day was the office of Private Eye, to pick up back issues, several records published as part of the magazine, and a collection of the "Barry Mackenzie" comic strips published in the magazine. I knew the office was in Greek Street, though I couldn't remember the number. Greek Street is only two blocks long, from Soho Square to Shaftesbury Avenue, so I ought to be able to find the office just by looking, right? Wrong. I had enough trouble finding Soho Square, after making a wrong turn on Charing Cross Road. I temporized by going back to Foyle's, which is in Charing Cross Road, since Mervyn Barrett had said he'd got his copy of "Barry Mackenzie" there. The humor section turned up another copy, so that, at least, was taken care of. From Foyle's I struck out East. Got lost. Gave up and checked the map again. West, of course. Oh,

well, at least I'd found several more bookshops and other interesting places in my wanderings. Soho Square. Greek Street. Down the two blocks. Nothing. Back up again. Still no sign of Private Eye on doorways, in windows, or anywhere. Hell with it. Down New Oxford St. to Regent Street, and down that to Piccadilly, where I checked in a telephone directory for the Private Eye address: 22 Greek Street. Mumble Grumble.

I had lunch at a shop in Piccadilly which was slightly overrun with foreigners of all kinds -- Germans, Indians, French, Chinese. The little old waitress was so harried by everyone else, she was obviously grateful when I told her I wasn't in any rush and she should take care of the more anxious types first. Waitress-fighting in several languages and accents...sheesh. I paid for lunch with several three-shilling Luncheon Vouchers Ella had given me. The system of Luncheon Vouchers was started by employers to encourage their employees to eat lunches rather than skimping on food to save their lunch money for other things. The vouchers come in books of five three-shilling vouchers each, and are accepted at almost all restaurants, coffee shops, etc. A fairly large "LV" sign announces that a shop will accept the vouchers, which are good only for food, and for which no change is given. Odd amounts over the three-shilling multiples are paid in cash. Ella generally took a lunch, so seldom used the vouchers, which she saved and gave to friends who could use them. My lunch came to 11/-, so it only cost me two bob.

I walked back up Shaftesbury Avenue to Greek Street. I'm stubborn. Looking very carefully, I found No. 22: a doorway; no signs. I opened the door and found a directory sign: 1st Floor - Caledonian something-or-other; 2nd Floor - Private Eye -- but the listing was painted over. I went up the two flights of stairs anyway. Deserted; no signs or anything. I gave up again and went walking some more. Through Carnaby Street, which is just a tourist trap now. Bought a book -- another collection from Private Eye, The Cloggies -- since there wasn't any way they could hike the price on that. Oxford Street to Marble Arch, looking in shops without buying anything. (Tried to buy a belt, but the only one I liked was too wide for my belt loops.) Stopped at Hyde Park Speakers' Corner, but they'd run out of speakers -- it was 7 P.M. or so -- and some London black was sort of filling in, playing "Where-Are-You-From-and-How-D'You-Like-London?" with his rather small audience. Up Edgware Road, window-shopping. I crossed the street to spend at least fifteen minutes with my nose pressed against the windows of German's, which Arthur had pointed out to me on Sunday. It is a supermarket of arms and armor -- how appropriate for it to be in Edgware Rd! There was even a perfectly beautiful black sword cane -- £10/-/- -- and I made a note to find out if such things were legal to bring into the U.S., and if so, to seriously consider spending the \$24. But that was before Bristol... . Bought some bottles of soda and some biscuits, walked about a block beyond the Marylebone Flyover -- we'd call it an overpass -- and caught the Underground to Queen's Park.

Tuesday morning I packed up and went into town to the Piccadilly Circus station. The Regent Palace Hotel is only about fifty yards from one of the exits from the station, and I checked into the double that was reserved for me there: Q375. The Regent Palace -- which I still generally call the Prince Regent; must have read too many Georgette Heyer novels -- has Q- numbers, Z- numbers, and numbers with no prefix. I finally found Q375 on the upper half of a split level third floor, reached by a goat track off a dirt road. No private bathroom -- communal ones down the hall. I tossed my bags down inside the room, went back to the lobby and asked the quickest way to Heathrow Airport: Piccadilly Line of the Underground to the end of the line at Hounslow West, then a shuttle bus to the airport. I took off to meet the fan charter.

The Charter was only five minutes late, but it would take time for them to get through customs. I had time for lunch -- stealing some ice from the ice tea area for my cola -- and I was talking to Tracey Brown of New York, who was also there to meet friends on the Charter, when all of a sudden I was surrounded by a horde of milling fans, complete with bags and baggages. Old Home Week was on.